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solid gold Cadillacs.

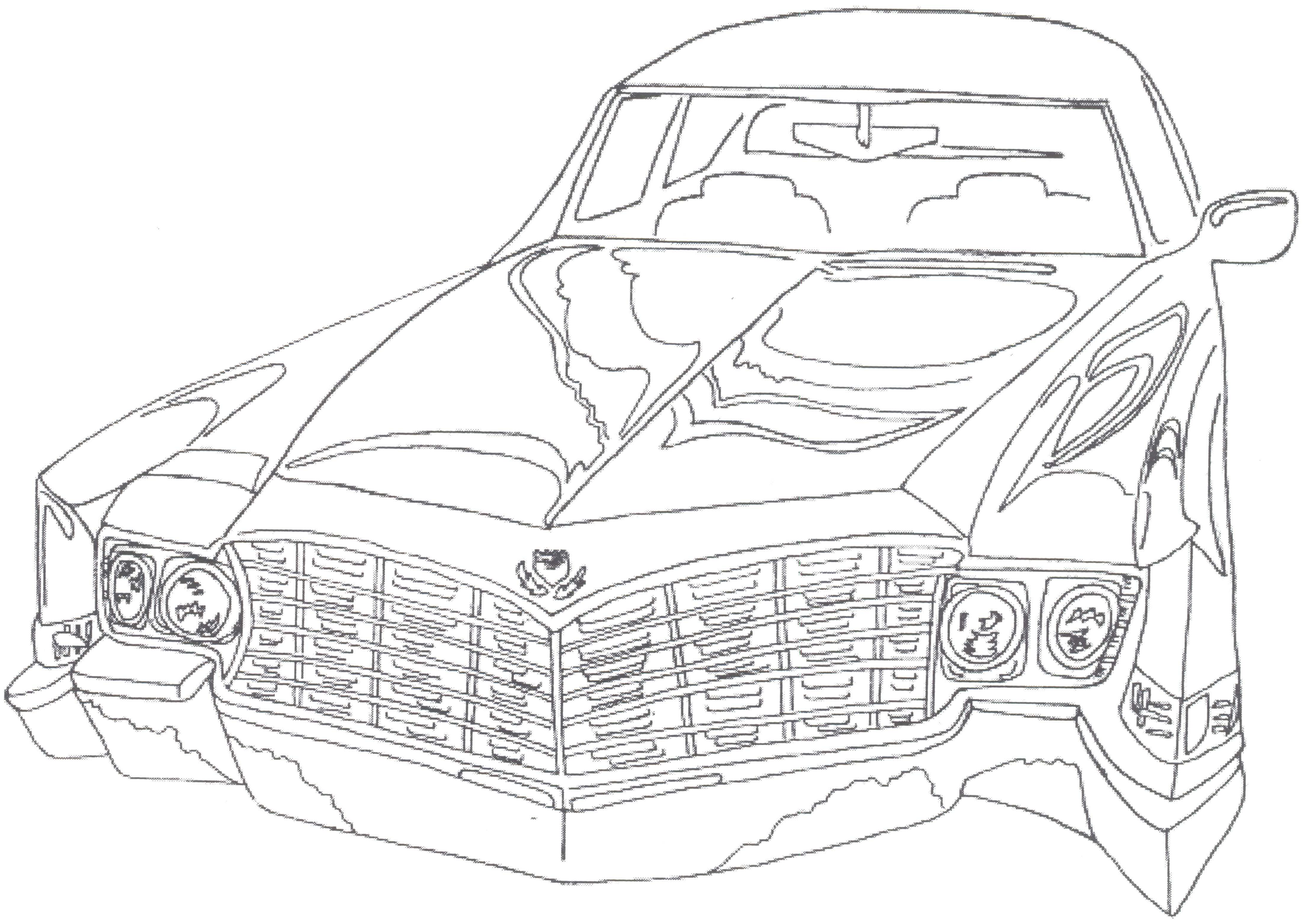


Table of **Contents**

I'm not even going to try anymore to tell you what is in this issue. Maybe I'm falling down on the job, but I'm not convinced you suckers *deserve* a table of contents anymore. If you desperately want one, please let me know at ejs07@hampshire.edu.



To Submit:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Evan Silberman, Prescott 102E, box 1394, ejs07@hampshire.edu.

"When the Omen is Late"
- The Saga Whiteboard on What Is Your Least Favorite Thing

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Animal Cruelty

by Lindsay Barbieri

Every time I pass these on the side of the road I think to myself how terrible we are to let such obvious signs of animal cruelty continue in this world



I mean, look! Cows just can't get a square meal...

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Saturday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Fridays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

The Omen Haiku

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Dear Evan,

The reason you don't "get" J.M.W. Turner is that you have no heart. For to not "get" Turner is to have no sensibility for Romanticism, for the majesty of nature, nor for Turner's masterful ability to capture these beauties on canvas.

J.M.W. Turner imagined, and realised, more wonderful and fantastical worlds than nature herself could ever produce. That is what is so exciting. His art's revolutionary developments in the abstract depiction of light were prescient. Rather, they were marks of genius: Turner's sensibility for subtle, yet extraordinarily dramatic, colour gradients is, visibly, his brilliant innovation. His works move. That they don't affect you is proof you cannot be moved.

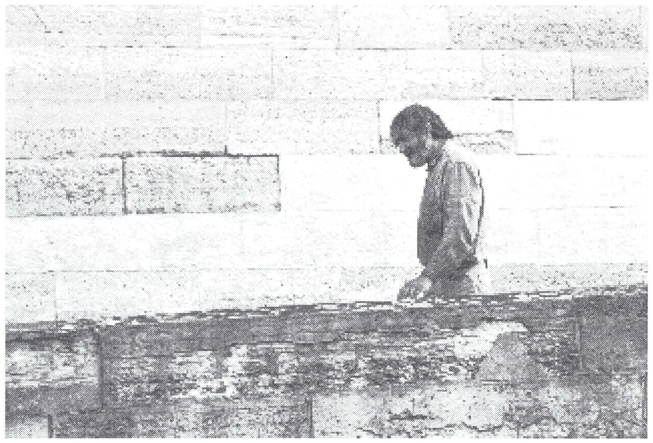
Anyway, arguing this matter is as pointless as discussing culinary science with a jellyfish, because jellyfish do not have tongues. And you don't have a heart. And that hurts my heart.

Quite worked up,
Adam Krellenstein

P.S. The Big Lebowski sucks and is totally overrated. Firefly is not. You have to go watch it now. Yes. Right now.



Photos by Adam Krellenstein



Breaking the Axel

By Nick Drozd

After finishing David Axel Kurtz's lengthy and metaphor-saturated polemic "The Pax Academia," I was struck by a question: what the hell did he just say?

I skimmed back through the article to see if I had missed any important point. My eye was caught by this sentence: "Their philosophy of criticism would not acknowledge an absence of critical systematization, of a constant and consistent postulated aesthetic, to be a weakness."

I read it several times, to make sure I understood it properly. I managed to wrap my mind around most of it, but one word kept eluding my grasp. In fact, it was the most consequential word in the sentence: "their."

"Philosophy" takes the possessive adjective, but who possesses it? What is the pronoun's antecedent?

I read back further to find it. I found that "they" needed to have some sort of omission brought to "their" attention. But again, who?

Finally, the second sentence of the piece yielded something of an answer: "those modern critics who essay into the subject of art and narrative." What? Modern literary critics? Unfortunately, that was as far as Kurtz was willing to specify.

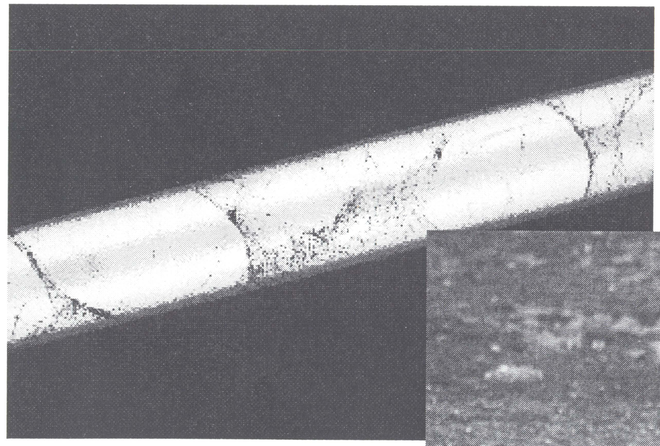
No wonder I was so confused! None of the article's many pronouns had any actual reference! That is to say, the pronouns did not point directly to any individuals or objects in the world.

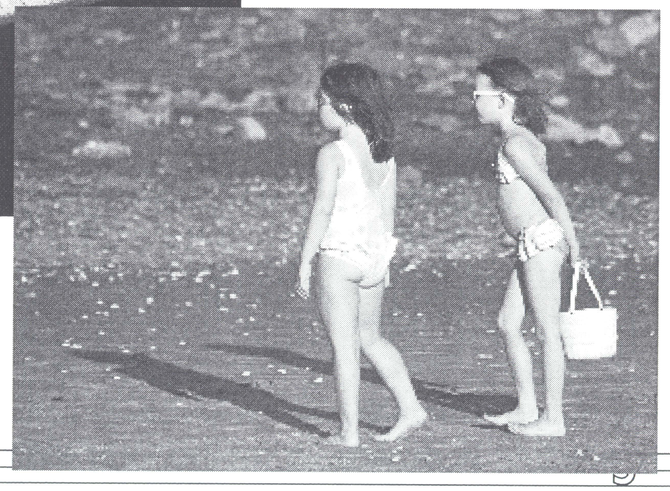
Nineteenth-century German philosopher Gottlob Frege inquired into the nature of reference-less sentences. Take the sentence "Odysseus was set ashore at Ithaca while sound asleep." We understand it without any problem, but what does it mean? What is the reference of the word "Odysseus"? Clearly, there does not exist any man Odysseus, so how can it be said that he did anything?

Frege concluded that such sentences have a sense, but no reference. Because they do not point to the actual world in any way, they are also not subject to tests of veracity. This, he said, was the defining characteristic of all fictional writing.

It is absurd, therefore, to closely examine the truth of Kurtz's reference-less claims – they are pure fiction! Rather, they warrant a different type of analysis; namely, literary criticism.

I end my reply with a call for one or more of Hampshire's budding young litterateurs to do just that.





I Love You, Sarah Palin

By Patrick L. King

I love you Sarah Palin. Like, I really fucking love you. I haven't had a wet dream since 8th grade, but now my mornings are wetter than Audrina after 5 minutes with Justin Bobby. Moose hunting with you would be the greatest experience of my life. I was talking to a truck driver at work yesterday, a real badass all-American dude, and he said he hated you, but would love to bang you. Not since Jackie O has a woman connected to the Oval Office given men so many sexual fantasies. And now, with the modern pornographic movie industry, those fantasies can be played out by willing actresses. And I will buy every fucking one of those movies if they are ever made. That video of you playing the flute in that beauty pageant? Hundreds of ideas came to my mind, and absolutely none of them should be printed here. And at that Flyers game? HOLY SHIT you should wear tight pants at every public appearance. Fuck, even your pregnant daughter's a babe. Plus, you've single-handedly erased all the dirty work Hillary did. You've made stupidity sexy again. Who cares if you don't know what most of the issues are (besides energy, my god do we know you love to talk about energy)? What the fuck is the importance of the Bush Doctrine anyway? You're an Alaskan hockey mom who likes to fire guns, and can probably drink me under the table multiple times. You're the best thing from your state since Jewel's cleavage.

But we need to talk, Sarah. I saw your debate with Biden, and your unintentionally hilarious television interviews, and they've troubled me. You keep saying that you and your buddy McCain are "a team of mavericks." Now, I know you probably don't follow much sports up there in Alaska, aside from hunting, your husband's snowmobiling shit, and your son's hockey games, but there's already a team of Mavericks. That's right, the motherfucking Dallas Mavericks. And though the game of basketball may be foreign to you, some of the personalities on this team are comparable to your "team", and may even help you with your understanding of some of the potential obstacles you may face. Let me give you a few examples:

Rick Carlisle: The Mavs' new head coach, he is looking to bringing energy to the team, just like you did with McCain's campaign. Hell, he's even been involved in a few brawls (remember the fucking riotous Pacers-Pistons fight in 2004? Yeah, he was coach of the Pacers for that shit), but never against bears or moose. He's around your age, maybe a little older, and has enough experience to coach a team. You have all sorts of experience right? Right? Being governor for like a year counts. And, of course, being mayor of like 500 people. Honestly, I have no fucking idea of how many people were in your town. Probably less than the Mavericks' roster.

Dirk Nowitzki: What can be said about Dirk? Probably the best European to play the game. Now, he is important, Sarah, so listen up. He's from a foreign country and he can drain threes all day. He's good from a distance, but can still play the post because he's 7 feet tall. God must have gotten laid the night before he made Dirk. A seven foot German who shoots threes. Anyway, this whole distance/post metaphor is important because you need to brush up on your foreign policy, obviously, but keep your small town roots. I know that it is tough to be up in Alaska and keep in touch with life in the continental U.S. You should look to Dirk for help with that shit.

Jason Kidd- Here is another future Hall-of-Famer. One of the greatest point guards of all time. But he's getting old. He took like, one fucking shot in the entire Olympics. Like McCain, he's going to retire soon, though John will probably retire from life, because he's a goddamn dinosaur. That leaves you Sarah, to run your team of "Mavericks".

I hope you've seen the analogies I've made Sarah, and have taken them to heart. You might need to step in for McCain/Kidd sometime soon, if you get elected. And if you sort out your foreign policy, or rather, every part of your campaign, I'm sure you'll do fine. Sarkozy will probably even try and bang you a couple of time. But, please, stop calling your "team" a bunch of Mavericks. You can learn from the real ones, surely, but there's got to be a better name for you two. Just off the top of my head: An Old GOP Geezer and a Fucking MILF. That'll definitely help you get votes. And it will help with your future in porn.

Love Poem to the Omen by Daniel Ekiwah Adler-Belendez

Omen,
Oh, Omen,
I am absolutely obsessed with you.
You and your mad rants about everything and nothing
You and your crows tattooed on an anonymous shoulder
You and your high school essays on paganism interspersed with a joke about Lawrence of Arabia—all of your long breath and hair of twisted sentences enamor my soul to the point where I wish I could reclaim all the clichés like sunsets and red lips and make them beautiful again for you.
Omen,
Oh, Omen,
Nothing is worse some days than the dawn
Because at dawn things are what they are, so factual, so horribly sharp, and distance and time can be measured and the day is a monster with a thousand mouths and each screams "take me, take me."
Omen,
Oh, Omen,
You are Snow White's step-mother, forever looking into the mirror, not knowing you are already beautiful with your dark folklore and pubic hair smelling like SAGA, flowing out a river of broken plates.

Let us paint our walls black
and draw the stars.

Magnetic Poetry from the F4 lounge

can I make a drink out of your body?

fuck fuck fuck ass fucker
talk about bad language

I seen your eyes on me
taking off your clothes on my floor
is it hot?

I plow the bountiful harvest

last night
one word
yes

she never pleased the duck

hold it
haven't we fucked in my dreams?

if you were her you'd be set
I would love you

hey woman
I'm so big
die happy

I amuse myself with a pretty fuck-wit

you look funny
that's often beautiful
you're against me at first
but I'm a good fuck

I can't read your signs
got to get to you
you are drunk
I know you will love me

you have a problem
I haven't fucked you

you are my fucking perfect finger
no machine is this glorious

just say no to rock hard clown cock

she could believe in an obvious fucker

eat shit
believe it

respect the sausage cluster

there's little beneath her nice shirt

if I told you tonight
would you smile

look at my face fool
I want a kiss

insert member through friggin entry slot here

my tremendous chimichanga
is happy in your hot taco

I can has tender melons?

you are the best looking wedding cake I've met



Recording of a conversation between Anthony Cardon and Ekiwah Adler-Belendez at 12:52 am.

Pineapple's intro: I was inspired by the insight, intelligence, and inspiration of these two individuals. They are a light of the universe. Their thoughts are difficult to understand and sometimes appear to convey no meaning. But, we must persevere in the quest to decipher them, as I believe they reveal some of the greatest mysteries of our century. The quote below might help the reader while forming a coherent interpretation."

"O Lamps of human fire,
In deep transparency,
The lowest caverns of the senses,
Once shadowy and blind,
Flare in light and warmth
And wake the lover with amazing joy!"
- St. John of the Cross (Herbert's "notorious" translation that transformed a love poem dedicated for God to a story of an orgasm.)

<The Recording>

Ekiwah: I have been thinking about Virginia Woolf. When I deconstruct the words of her name, I am left with the image of a virgin and the image of a wolf.

Anthony: Nice combination.

Ekiwah: Her words go back and forth from charming small talk to ferocious psychological questions, such as a poet's relationship to nature. Speaking of which, how the hell do you write about nature? I spent an entire day outside and thought the autumn, which was filled with a spectral and unusually hot kind of sunlight due to global warming, was the most wonderful thing I have ever seen in the world. Then I tried writing about it. Leaves red and gold. Nope. Emerald sea of distinct colors. A little too Disneyish…

Anthony: … which reminds me of a time when I was in a literature class and a middle-aged woman with four children was explaining her correlation between Jane Eyre and The Little Mermaid. She even demonstrated Jane Eyre singing, in a Victorian dress at the top of a dark mansion with lightening striking, "Under the Sea".

Ekiwah: How far can we take symbolism? I think that when words are taken too literally, they lead to a political correctness that may result in death. However, if we substract ourselves too far from the world of our senses, we become like Plato looking forever for the ideal rose without ever noticing the ones that actually grow in his garden. He sounds like the type of philosopher who would be on Facebook all the time if he knew about it.

Anthony: Speaking of sea, I'd like to live under the sea, with all the octopus ink to write with. It's cheap.

Ekiwah: Water-proof paper is never cheap, Anthony. I know about this from experience. You go down there, where the mermaids are singing enchanting songs and you forget why you even came there because you get busy with… you know the rest. But, then you remember that you're actually there to get some water-proof paper and you have to give them your entire bank account savings, just for a little parchment, but it's worth it because the paper inspires better words than one has written in decades. The journey is dangerous and you may drown in the underwater arts supplies store. But if you can make it, I strongly recommend it. One thing it's not, is cheap.

Anthony: What kind of ink sticks to plastic? I don't think octopuses leave permanent stains.

Ekiwah: So then why was your plate black today as you were eating scrambled eggs?
It might be a little sign of something related, maybe to octopus ink?

Anthony: …What makes you think I'm not Japanese? I love octopus. Now *ahem*, back to the subject.

Ekiwah: There's something so sensual about pen and paper. You feel like yourself in a relationship with the words,

like they are a fluid calligraphy. Of course, I say this with a great degree of romanticism because I hardly use pen and paper and at the moment I am single. I wonder if giving yourself the chance to type slowly enough, you can learn to feel that same sensuality with a computer, or whether the written word is more of a façade creating more of a cell than a path to liberation. How to seek enlightenment and have a blast of pleasures in the process that, my friends (to quote McCain's favorite words), is my question.

Anthony: Probably that's why I indulge in writing erotica. And words can most certainly deceive, since the majority of the men on Yahoo Answers' Men's Health section are 10" long (if you know what I mean) when the national average is 5". There are two answers to every questionable question: "It depends" and "It's all about the fine balance."

Ekiwah: Thank you for the trivia, Anthony. You should think of publishing an article on the topic in The Climax, as the title is appropriate.

Anthony: …

Ekiwah: By the way, I hate cell phones. When you're in the middle of the most glorious conversation, having the chance to hear whatever you've been waiting all of your young years or when you're at the verge of kissing someone, reaching nirvana or simply arriving to an appointment on time, you hear that cell phone ringing and as T. S. Elliot would say, it certainly disturbs the universe. Don't know why that came up, so don't ask me. This is not Q&A time. My goal is to die without ever touching a cell phone. So far, and pretty much succeeding. Who wants magnetic wave lengths pressed to the ear of your brain? I want for every moment to have its own arts studio where it can paint its skin with natural colors.

Anthony: Yeah. Like pink, red, and possibly green. I'm not being racist, but I don't like black-painted art studios. I like black people, but not black walls. Bird poop is too prevalent in this world. That's why we have hunters.

Ekiwah: I disagree. As you have shown me on a YouTube video, bird poop is a very fine paint. Performers, such as geishas use it to enter the ritual of their artistry. You never know what can be beautiful. And speaking of pink, does pink really deserve its separate category? I mean, if you add white to blue, nobody sees it as a different color. But you add a little white to red and it becomes another universe. Especially these days, when you can exhibit a toilet bowl with fine arts.

Anthony: So, leaves can't deserve their own color since green is blue and yellow?

Ekiwah: Yes, brothers and sisters, we are all one. All one color disguised as many.

Anthony: Oh…uh…okay. No wonder you can't describe nature. Who knows? I can get stars on my black wall, my quite inaccurate representation of blue and red stars, our limited eyes create the white due to the distance.

Ekiwah: Maybe it doesn't matter if we are different from each other or similar, as long as we dare to challenge our fixed conception of the stars. Creation in its syncopated beat lurks beneath the pose of its defeat.

Anthony: Who is that? Look! Out the window.

Ekiwah: I don't know, but apparently they have a tape recorder in their hands. And they're pressing record and this whole conversation is going to appear in the omen!

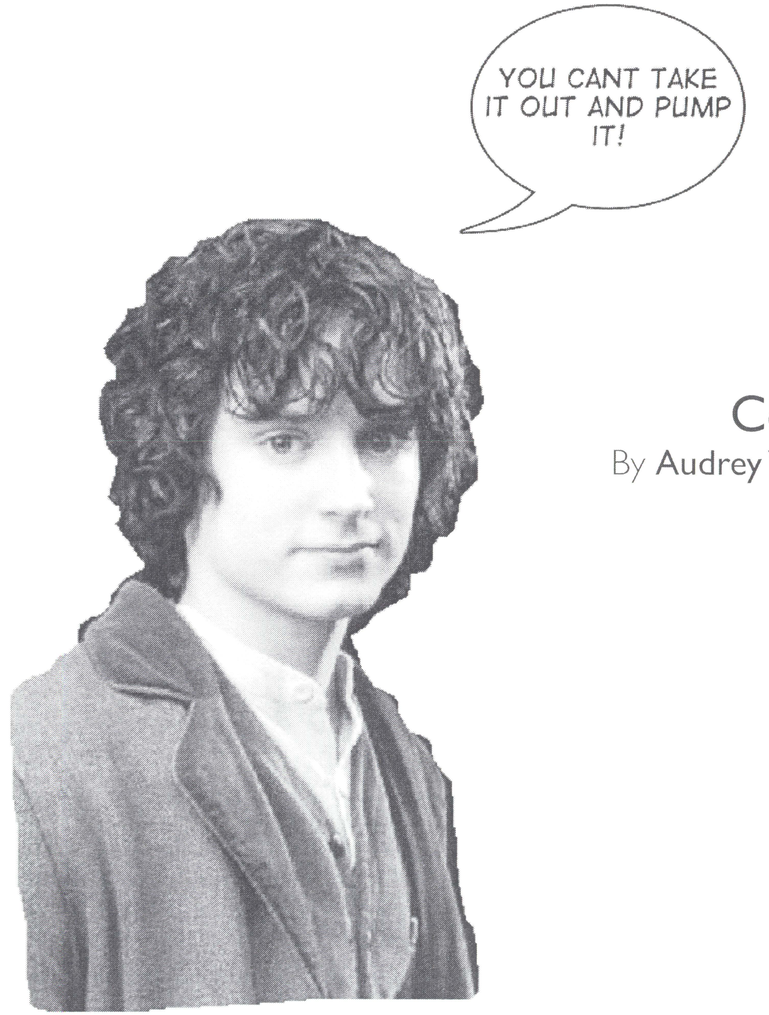
Anthony: Wait…how did you know that?

Ekiwah: …

Anthony: Well, recording some piece of time is useless in its nature, since the true essence can only be understood within the physical presence of all the body's beautiful senses. Especially, when pertaining to a illogically disorganized conversation.

Ekiwah: There is a secret message to all of our words. I just don't know what it is yet. It's like the Matrix. I don't think everyone knows what that movie is trying to say, but they think it's deep. I liked it 'til they got to the shooting scene. God and guns, in my book, don't mix.

Pineapple's conclusion: Space is only a measure of distance when it lives outside the mind, as Anthony tells us, it is important to hunt these days. This image of bird poop is an extended allegory for the brutal capitalism that has infected our world. Ekiwah's answer, "bird poop is a fine paint", reveals that we must accept the ugliness and see its true beauty and thus our temporal special ontology returns to its original



Comic

By Audrey Weber

Scene One from 'Second Semester Seniors'

By David Axel Motherfuckin' Kurtz

SCENE ONE

Interior: A classroom. A Friday afternoon in early April.

The classroom is equipped with the standard blackboard, desks, &c. The large windows overlook a green, meadowy scene of rather a picturesque quality. In the distance are mountains which have just lost their snow.

Students are arrayed in these desks. In the rear of the room are five (JAY, KATE, RACHEL, DANIEL, SARA) who are quite obviously oblivious to the class at hand. The other students (including KEVIN, BRITTANY) are half-heartedly paying attention, or at least pretending to do so. JULIAN is in the front row, his head in his hands, his eyes obscured. TEACHER is at the head of the class, standing in the position normally occupied by one trying to teach.

TEACHER: Julian!

JULIAN gives a start, and lifts his head somewhat out of his hands. His eyes are depressed and not fully open.

JULIAN: Yes, sir?

TEACHER: I was- I don't want to tell you again, Julian; call me Bob. Now, perhaps you would like to comment upon our discussion.

JULIAN: I'm sorry, sir, my mind was wandering. What were 'we' discussing?

TEACHER: Yesss... we were discussing whether or not Picasso was progressive.

JULIAN: I suppose that depends upon what you mean by progressive, sir.

TEACHER: This is hardly the time to be discussing such things-

JULIAN: Really? Seeing as we're having a discussion about progressivism, it seemed like a good time to me.

TEACHER: We are not discussing progressivism, we are discussing Picasso.

JULIAN: Well, in order for me to qualify Picasso as either progressive or non-, I am afraid that I need to know what we mean by progressive.

TEACHER: That is simply semantics and you know it! You are just trying to-

JULIAN: Forgive me, sir, but I am doing nothing but requesting information from you on a topic that you introduced. What do you mean by progressive?

TEACHER: If you don't know one of the terms we use in this class, Julian, you should ask one of your classmates outside of class for his or her-

JULIAN: I've asked you repeatedly, sir, & I've never gotten a straight answer. They've been to the same classes that I have. How are they expected to know any better?

TEACHER: LISTEN, you little-

JULIAN: How about this? How about you tell me what Picasso is supposed to be progressing towards?

Pause, without reply.

JULIAN: Or at least away from?

TEACHER: Picasso was progressive because he deconstructed the dogmatic barriers arbitrarily placed around art by the social elites of the previous epochs-

JULIAN: But was his art any better?

TEACHER: I will not stand this kind of rudeness much longer, Julian!

JULIAN: I just want to know, sir, if we are going to label Picasso as progressive, what it is precisely that he is progressing towards. Is his art better than the art of his predecessors? Is the art which followed him better than his art? Are these 'barriers' you speak of, by which I believe you mean artistic guidelines and principles, are they necessarily arbitrary? or even worthy of destruction? I want to know, sir, if only for the sake of answering the question you asked, how are we defining 'progressive'? Because is strikes me that, without setting up something as worse, and something as better, it is impossible to call a change from one state to the other progress.

TEACHER struggles with this for a while.

TEACHER: When you are on a journey somewhere, the nearer you get there, the more progress you have made.

JULIAN: Very well, then. Where was Picasso going?

TEACHER: True artists do not have specific, arbitrary goals in mind when they set out-

JULIAN: Really. Because when I get in my car to go on a journey, I am usually going somewhere. I know where's I'm going, and the closer I get, the more progress I have made towards my destination. If I'm just out driving around, I'm not going anywhere, and if I'm not going anywhere, how can I be making progress?

TEACHER takes some time to control his temper.

TEACHER: The destruction of dogmatic boundaries is progressive.

JULIAN: Really? Because, to me, modern art is a sort of giant practical joke played upon a gullible public by the lazy and the greedy, who fob off random swirls of paint upon the rich and stupid under the guise of 'art.' The only emotional import had in this process of manufacture comes from the terror inspired by the idea that they actually think they are artists. I think Picasso was a major train station on the road from art to shit, and the more you say he did to destroy those so-called 'boundaries', the more regressive I say he was. I say that declaring something to be objectively more advanced than something else is the same as saying that something is better than something else, which is saying that your own personal opinion is absolute, and then trying to enforce that opinion upon history. It is confusing the objective with the subjective, either to fool others or just to fool yourself. It is done when you are not capable of actually analyzing something, and so the best you can do is compare it to other things in the hope of finding patterns which you can force to lead to the conclusions you wish. If you think Picasso is better than, say, those dratted dogmatists, like Michelangelo, or Rembrandt, I wish you would simply say so, rather than trying to find some objective way to make your personal opinions into 'truth.'

TEACHER speaks not; JULIAN rises.

There is no objective truth in judging art. You want to discuss opinions? Fine. I say that if art has lead us to the NEA, it has not been progressive, it has just been sad. If history leads us to the banality of a worker's paradise, it is because humanity has failed, and not because Karl Marx's spectral hand has been guiding human events. I think that progressivism is an illusion for people who wish to justify the modern, the current, as being more than just the style of the day; it is a life support system for those who cannot bear to look into history or into the future, thus to perceive their own insignificance; it is a crutch for people who cannot support their own opinions without fooling themselves into thinking that they are Important. I think that calling dogmas rubbish without first examining them is ignorant, elitist, communistic folderol based around an outlook on the world as dogmatic and entrenched as any that have ever existed. Dichotomization, arguing how to file something, whether into the drawer marked 'progressive' or 'dogmatic', that is not the final product of objective analysis, it is the first step towards bad criticism. And I think that, whatever other judgments I might pass, at the end of the day, this is doing absolutely jack to advance my education. With two months left of school, I know nothing more about anything we've studied than I did coming into this class. If I was to believe blindly what has been said to me, I would know less.

Pause.

JULIAN: No argument?

TEACHER stares, trembling.

JULIAN: Oh, come now. I've just asserted a proposition. It is contrary to yours. Let us each defend our positions, and be better therefore.

TEACHER is tharn.

JULIAN: In that case, then, unless you'd like to begin giving us new tools to help us analyze works of art, unless you actually want to do more than force us to gospelize your every word, I do believe my time would be better spent sitting outside of the headmaster's office.

Pause.

TEACHER: GO TO THE HEADMASTER'S OFFICE!

JULIAN: Thought you'd never ask.

What kills

Killer bees are on the flight
Moving up the coast within our sight

Killer Muslim terrorists take their guns and homemade bombs
To come get U.S.
They tell US
"we can't stop them, unless we kill their kids"
How do we stop them?
"they will blow you up"
I need to stop them
How will we survive
Where is my safety
Where is my life
They destroyed it
Am I dieing?

What kills

Killer bees are taking flight
Moving up the land, reaching out to fight

The Disassociated Press
Washington, DC

John McCain Leads among Dead, Unborn
by **Luke Pinette**

A recent poll by Quayle & Quayle Research Associates indicates that while polls give Senator Barack Obama a double digit lead among the living, his rival, Senator John McCain, has a substantial lead among dead voters.

The poll shows McCain with 46% to Obama's 38%, with approximately 16% of dead voters undecided.

"This proves that a large subset of Americans, I'd dare to say the majority, do not appreciate what Barack Obama stands for" declared Senator McCain. "This proves that Barack Obama is out of touch with America's history and traditions."

Obama's campaign denies that this is a concern. "Barack Obama has shown that he can poll well among dead voters when they get to know him," said David Plouffe, Senator Obama's campaign manager. "He won 100% of dead voters in Chicago, when he ran for Senate, and he's been closing the gap nationally."

Jame Kulwich, recently deceased, explained his reason for supporting McCain: "Barack Obama supports the death tax. How can I vote for a man like that?" McCain supports reducing the estate tax, referred to the death tax by opponents.

While the poll was of those deceased recently enough to have cast ballots, McCain appears to enjoy a lead among the longer dead as well. "Barack Obama does not understand how the world works. There are people out to destroy America, and he wants to sit down and have tea with them," declared Teddy Roosevelt—a ghost and a former president. "Now John McCain is a man in my own mold."

Jefferson Davis, former president of the rebel movement known as the Confederate States, is undecided. "I couldn't stand the idea for voting for a black man, of course," said Davis, "but McCain totally dissed on our flag. And he's making a big issue about this Ayers dude, who wants to destroy the oppressive government of the United States, as if that's an unreasonable position to hold."

John McCain also claimed a lead in unborn voters, based on a poll conducted by Operation Rescue, an anti-abortion group. The poll gives McCain 100% of the vote, and has been widely criticized as unscientific.

"Operation Rescue is an extremist group with an agenda, and I don't think asking aborted fetuses to raise their right hand if they support Obama, is a particularly scientific poll. It also ignores the fact that fetuses can't vote," commented Plouffe.

"The unborn cannot vote because Barack Obama and his liberal supporters refuse to allow them to vote," declared James Dobson, founder of focus on the family. "Barack Obama is seeking to disenfranchise our youngest voters. But you can bet every one of them would say 'Don't abort me. I have a life, and I'm voting to save it.' I think [the poll] reflects this quite accurately, and I'm not at all surprised by the results."

It is still unclear who leads among undead voters. When asked for comment, one several undead Americans responded "Berrrrrn." Robert Barr is candidate of the Libertarian Party.

What It Means To Be Ekiwah

By Daniel Ekiwah Adler-Belendez

1. You have metal bars fused to your bones to keep you straight and well poised. So, when you go through the airport, the alarm detectors go crazy for you.

You might rejoice, but what you should be doing is to convince the security department that you are not a terrorist.

2. You're Latin-American and you come from a hippie family, so you like to give people hugs and be really open about your feelings. Your friends really love you for that, but the rest of the world runs for their lives.

3. You like to create poetry in the presence of meat burgers, lasagna, and a whole bunch of folks. And if your dear ones hear "Please pass me the secret, but well-used mineral of the sea," they should well damn know that you're asking for some salt.

4. Almost everyone assumes that you're an innocent virgin. Listening to that, you can't help but laugh.

5. You can never hope to go ice skating, but you can save yourself from the burden of having people see your obituary: "Hampshire student on wheelchair, dies as a result of ice skating. But he wrote beautiful poetry. Like, "My soul hurt" (*sigh* beautiful). Why do poets die?"

6. Judging by the look on your face, people think that you're on crack, booze, and weed all at once. But, actually, you don't like drugs, you're just born high.

7. Friendly elderly women will say, "he is a differently abled person." You answer, "So are you, but I'm disabled so I'm gonna need help putting this wheelchair in the car."

8. You hope you and BB Sunshine (woot! woot!) can have a race someday.

9. When you're happy about an event that just happened, you start singing and moving your hands like Rumpelstiltskin on a wheelchair. And you think no one is listening until they ask you if you're having a seizure.

10. You see God as someone you can masturbate with. You're more than just on speaking terms with Her; you're very good "friends."

What Kills

by Alexander Van Leer

Killer Latino spics sneak their bag of clothes over the fence
To come get U.S.
They tell US
How can we stop them?
"they will steal your jobs"
I need to stop them
How will we make money
Where is my purpose
Where is my life
They stole it
Am I dieing?

What kills

Killer bees are in flight
Moving towards us in the night

Killer Arabs haji hold on to all the oil in their holes
To come get U.S.
They tell US
"we can't stop them, unless we kill their kids"
How will we stop them?
"they will waste your fuel"
I need to stop them
How will we run our lives
Where is my energy
Where is my life
They keep it
Am I dieing?

What kills

Killer bees are a flight
Moving into the light

Killer Black n-
be quiet… stop this…
You tell US
"We can't stop them unless we kill their kids"

So you sell crack and move them to concentration camps…
When does it stop?

What kills

Killer bees still in flight
Moving to stop the right

Killer White fascists force all there is in our minds
To come trap U.S.
McDonalds destroys **our** safety, more than Muslims do
Marlboro steals **our** purpose, more than Latinos do
MTV has **our** energy, more than Arabs do
They tell US
"you can't stop this, just kill your children"
How can we stop them?
"we have the cures for sale"
I need to stop them
Facts say- Leading killers in U.S. are:
Heart disease: 652,486
Cancer: 553,888
(http://www.cdc.gov/nchs/fastats/lcod.htm)
How will we free ourselves
Where is my truth
Where is my life
They hide it
Am I dieing?

NO! NO! NO!

Find what kills

No one \
No people > KILLS
No thing /

Realize…
Ignorance kills
IGNORance kills
IGNORE this
you are dieing.

Political Upheaval and Terror on the Farm

by Adam Gottlieb

Working on the farm
took an uncanny turn
last week.
It started when Bethany
shat on the milker;
the others took their cue
and soon launched a campaign
of passive-aggressive resistance
during morning chores --

discreet nudges as they stampeded
in and out of the milking room,
small kicks here and there;
we didn't notice anything was
seriously wrong until one day
when we found a pair of boots
in a bale of hay --

Gradually, with each passing morning,
our numbers seemed to diminish;
Isabel stopped working
when one of the calves
knocked her and her bottle to the
floor and charged for the bucket of milk

We thought Rebeca was crazy when
she ran screaming from the turkey cage,
but no one laughed the next day when
she showed us the scars

Soon it became impossible
to trust anyone – Dana
didn't seem too concerned
when Sean failed to return from
the sty, suggesting that maybe
he was still feeding the pigs

Tobin was spotted supplying
the chickens with copies of keys,

On Saturday everything blew up
in the air – Annie was the first
to go, swarmed by the bees when she
reached for a jar of honey.

Next we saw one of the llamas
set upon Luke – he would have
survived if all of the sheep hadn't followed.

Alex was gored into the electric fence

Lauren flattened by a pick-up
full of roosters

those of us who survived
emerged from the experience
battered and disoriented, desperate
as if awaken from a night terror –
not a soul believed what had happened,
some suggested that we seek
psychological therapy

the next day,
tentatively returning to the farm
in hopes of rescuing the injured,
I was approached by a pig,
who hobbled over to me,
dressed in the farm manager's garb.
Indicating the milk room with a
nod and an authoritative squeal,
he showed me my friends -
naked and hog-tied, waiting to be
fed grain and pellets.

While putting on my boots,
I considered giving a word of protest
but I'm just an intern
busting my butt for eight dollars an hour.

Pikachu to Ash: A Break-Up Poem
by Adam Gottlieb

First of all, it's time I told you that I can talk.
I realize that's probably shocking.
I'm sorry I never did before,
Everyone seemed so pleased with me the way I was --
Saying my name in seven or eight different ways
In order to communicate about three different emotions;
No one ever asked me to elaborate.

But I have to be more articulate today;
I want to explain to you why I am leaving
Because a part of me still doesn't believe it myself --
The part of me that's still in love with you,
That still trusts everything you say,
The part of me that would follow you from
The Unknown Dungeon to the Indigo Plateau
And never ask why
You have been friendly to me in many ways,
But the comfort of your love has come at too high a price.

And for such a long time I could not see it
You told me I was your favorite and it
Always made me blush, I got
Tricked into thinking that your triumphs were
Mine as well.

But our ambitions have long since diverged -
My lifespan is shorter than yours
I have changed in so many ways,
Grown up, some might say.

I have lost my appetite for
Fighting badguys. I am looking
To start a family now, while you
Are still a child yourself.

How I wish I could relish our
Adventures the way I used to -
Teach the others how to be loyal,
How to fight with compassion
And honor, but you will thrive without me

Your ambition would soon have led you
To stronger, faster and greater pokémon
Anyway. Don't you see
We are each other's limiting factors -
We are a mutual sickness,
We are paralyzed by a
Growing obsession with our own names.

I should go now, before it gets dark.
I will miss riding in the basket of your
Bicycle. Thank you for feeding me,
For letting me stay out of a pokéball.

If you ever try to catch someone I love,
I will be honored to fight you.

SORRY STEPHEN
YOUR UNICODE
SNOWMAN DIDN'T
WORK

Some of the things that made this issue late

1. The lights going out in the Omen office
2. Deathfest
3. Ennui
4. Homework

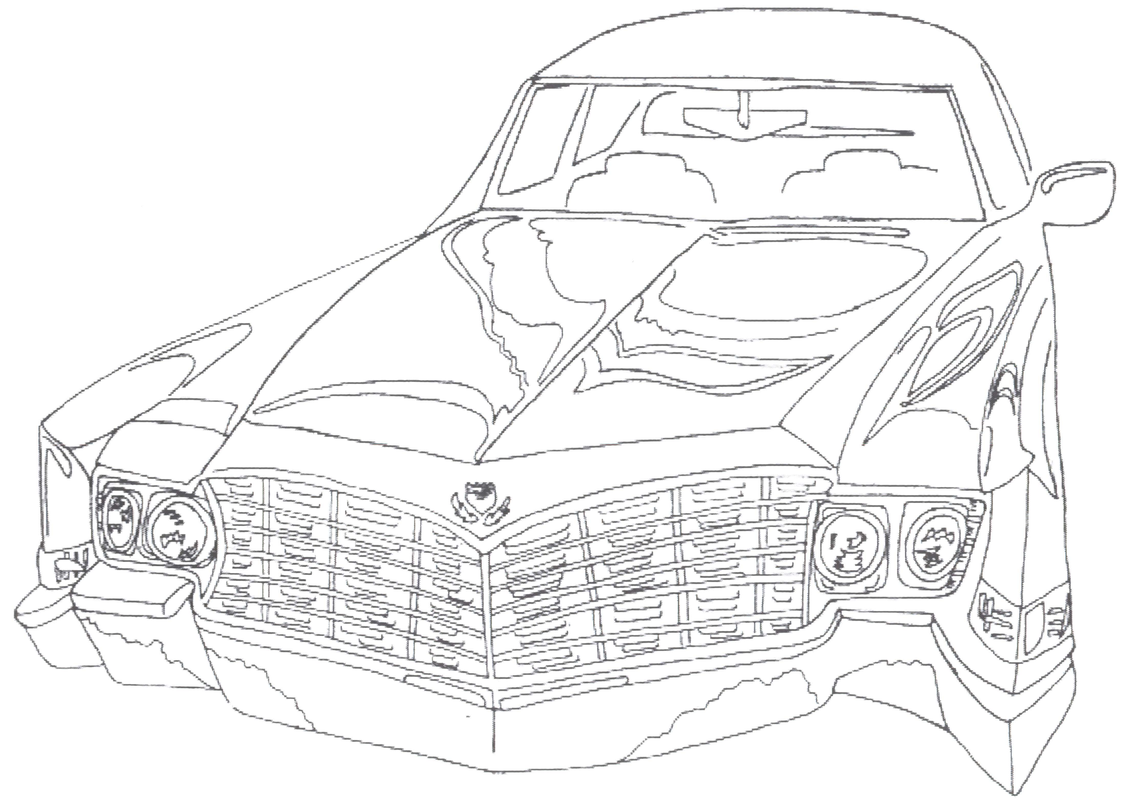
The next issue of the Omen will come out on Friday, November 14, or whenever we feel like it.

Submit so the next issue will be full of deliciously good writing and maybe it won't be laid out as hastily.

Reasons Brock and Lindsay can date:

1) They both like cheddar.

The Omen
is brought to you by
solid gold Cadillacs.



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